

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.00 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI FRIDAY DECEMBER 2 1892

VOL. XIII, NO.

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—B. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south side.

A. P. WILLARD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Continues to practice in all branches of the profession. Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north side square. Hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

(J. W. AVERY,
Electric Physician

Will give special attention to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union Bank, down stairs. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—Over Perry's Harness shop.
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

G. A. GOBEN,
SURGEON AND GYNECOLOGIST

OFFICE—One door south of southeast corner square. Visits in town \$1.50 each; in the country \$1.00 per mile. Bills due when patient is discharged.

H. S. STRICKLAND,
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI

DR. T. H. BOSCOV
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

From the

8th to the 24th of Each Month.

He treats chronic or long standing disease successfully, especially diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc. Various ailments and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of Ellis's drug store.

C. M. WILCOX,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

WILL ATTEND CALLS AT ALL HOURS.

MILLARD, MO.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

OFFICE—Over First National Bank, first door to the right.

S. L. PROUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J. Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

J. C. THATCHER,

INSURANCE

—AND—

LAND AGENT

South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo. The oldest and most reliable Agency in the city. Established 1879.

JOHN M. DAVIS,

Pension and Claim Agent

OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness Shop.

Pensions, Bonuses and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filled must bring certificates.

R. M. BUCKMASTER
Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Instruments

Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street, second door east of Evans' Grocery. Fine pianos and organs in stock. Call and examine.

THOS. SEES. **JAS. SEES.**

SEES & SON,

BUILDERS, CONTRACTORS AND

SUPERINTENDENTS.

FINE DWELLINGS A SPECIALTY.

Plans furnished without extra charge.

DR. B. C. AXTELL,
SURGEON AND MECHANIC DENTIST

Is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most masterly and durable manner and warrants all his work. Prices reasonable. Office on gold-plated and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Endorsed by both the dental and medical professions as safe and harmless for adults and children.

"STILL IN THE PUSH."

HURRAH FOR

JOHN ROBERTS,

Boot and Shoemaker

Who is now located the third door east of the northeast corner of the square. He has now a full stock of shoes on hand and proposes to give his customers the benefit of some very low prices. Furthermore he wishes his patrons and others to know that he will take measure and make them, by hand, a pair of first class calf shoes for \$2.50. All work is guaranteed by him to be first class. Call in and see him. He will please you. All repair work very low and promptly done.

PENSIONS.

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.

Soldiers Disabled Since The War Are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from the effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully presented, address

JAMES TANNER,
Washington D. C.

Late Commissioner.

A COMPOSITE ROMANCE

A Story Told From Seven Different Stand-Points

I.

THE LETTER CARRIER'S STORY.

There is one family on my route that gives me more trouble than all of the others put together. Not that they ever complain of me or compel me to walk to the top of a five story building, but I can't make 'em out. I don't usually bother my head about the people to whom I deliver mail; there is something so singular about this one family, however, that I can't help taking particular notice of them.

They live in an elegant stone house on Kenyon avenue; and consist of a middle aged gentleman, John Godfrey, by name, his maiden sister and his daughter, a girl of seventeen.

Mr. Godfrey, who is a wealthy railroad man, has a hard, stern look, and his sister doesn't appear to be any too amiable, but the daughter has fairly won my old heart. She is as handsome as a picture, and she always has a smile for me when she came to the door (the maiden aunt answers my ring now), and how her face would light up when I handed her a letter addressed in a round manly hand to Miss Nena Godfrey, and post marked C—.

At first when she and the servants stopped coming to the door, I couldn't understand it, but I have arrived at the conclusion that the maiden aunt always takes the mail in order to prevent Miss Nena from getting her letters. During the time Miss Nena came herself I brought her a letter postmarked C— nearly every day. Since then I have delivered only two for her and the maiden aunt's face has worn such a satisfied look as she took them, that I am sure the letters are from some young man Miss Nena is in love with, and her father and aunt are trying to break off the match.

I met her on the street one day a short distance from the house, and she stopped as though to speak to me. She changed her mind, however and passed on with a pleasant "Good morning," but I noticed that her lips quivered as she spoke. I think she wanted to ask me something about her letters. Poor girl! I wonder how it will end!

II.

THE MESSENGER BOY'S STORY.

Last night about seven o'clock I had to take a message up to Kenyon avenue. It was for Miss Nena Godfrey, and when I rung the bell a young lady came to the door. I asked her if there was an answer and she told me to come in and she would see. She then went into the parlor and tore open the message, and when she read it she turned as white as a sheet, and I thought she was going to faint. Jes' then the boss came inter' the room and he said to her, a awful stern:

"What's the matter! Who's the telegram from?"

She didn't answer, and he said: "Let me see it," but she turned quicker'n a flash and threw it into the grate where a fire was burnin' and it blazed up in a second.

Th' old gent started for her, lookin' awful mad. Jes' then he seed me and he axed what was I waitin' for. I told him the answer. He said ther' wasn't nuth' an' fer me to clear out. I didn't wait for him to tell me twice. I'll bet, though, he talked mighty sharp to his daughter after I'd gone.

I see a good many funny things carrying round messages, but I never seed anythin' like that before.

III.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S STORY.

Something rather out of the common happened at our office last evening. The following message was sent from C—:

"Miss Nena Godfrey, 193, Kenyon avenue, Come at once, if possible. Will is very low."

Dr. Otto Schmidt.

The message was delivered to Miss Godfrey, and about nine o'clock the lady's father came into the office. The clerk having stepped out for a moment, I got up to wait on him.

Mr. Godfrey wanted to know if we had a copy of the telegram that came for his daughter that evening. I told him that I was acquainted with the contents. He then wanted to know if I would tell him what was in it. He said he was not at home when the message came; that his daughter had gone out and had left the message for him, but that the servants had mislaid it.

As Mr. Godfrey is a well known citizen, I complied with his request. The contents of the telegram had an entirely different effect upon him from what I expected. Instead of being surprised or shocked, it seemed to make him very angry. He recovered himself quickly, however, and, with a curt "Much obliged," he walked out. I wonder who Will is?

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

There was one incident connected with the accident to my train last night that I did not give to the reporters.

A young lady boarded the train at R— whom I recognized as the daughter of John Godfrey, one of the stockholders of the road. She had a ticket for C—, and I noticed when I stopped at her seat that she was pale and agitated. After the accident she was one of the first to get clear of the wreck, and did not appear to be injured.

Luckily, the engine was not disabled, the accident having been caused by the rails spreading just as the baggage car passed them, and I determined to sent to C— for assistance. I was consulting with the engineer when Miss Godfrey touched me on the arm and begged earnestly to be allowed to ride on the engine to C—. It was a case of life and death, she said.

She appeared so distracted at the thought of delay that I told the engineer to take her with him. She was up in the cab in an instant, and they "pulled out" at once, so that one of my passengers at least arrived at C— nearly on time.

V.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

That's a plucky gal of John Godfrey's. She rode with me on the engine to C— after the wreck last night, and I tell you she's true grit.

I didn't want to take her with me at first, 'cause I was afraid she'd make trouble and delay me, but she didn't. She never opened her head after she got into the cab but just clung to the seat. Well she had to hang on, for the way old Forty-seven rocked was ten miles in the same time before.

After we got started I looked across at the gal. She was stavin' straight ahead and it seemed as if we weren't goin' half fast enough for her. She was terrible pale and her teeth was set like a brake, but it weren't because she was frightened. She had somethin' else in her mind.

She jumped from the cab the moment we pulled into the yard at C, and hurried across the tracks. I heard her tell the conductor at the wreck some one was dyin' and she wanted to get to C— as soon as ever she could.

VI.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

A dispatch was received at headquarters last evening from L, requesting the department to send a man down to the station and arrest a young woman who was on the 10:40 express from the east. I was detailed for the work.

I waited around the station, until nearly train time, and then heard a rumor that there had been a wreck down the road. I investigated and found that such was the case; in fact, the accident had occurred to the very train I was wait-

ing for. I obtained permission to go on the relief train, and when we had arrived at the scene of the wreck I commenced to look around for the young woman.

As I could find no one who answered to the description sent, I made inquiries of the conductor and learned that the person I was after had gone up to C— on the engine that brought the news of the accident to the city. It was after three a. m. before I got back and made my report, and they decided not to do anything more about the matter until they heard again from R—.

The accident was a costly one for the railroad company but a lucky one for the young woman. Had it not occurred she would have spent the night in the station house.

VII.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

For the last three weeks I have been tending an old schoolmate of mine. His name is Will Holbrook and he has been very low with brain fever. He was at one time quite well off, but lost everything by an unlucky speculation, and was forced to accept a clerkship with one of the firms with which he had formerly done business. A too steady application to his duties, coupled with depression of mind brought on his illness which has threatened to terminate fatally more than once.

I noticed just before he gave up how badly he was looking, and one evening when he called at my office he confided everything to me. The loss of everything he possessed was naturally a heavy blow to him, but it was nothing in comparison to what it had brought with it—the breaking off of his engagement with the woman he loved.

Her name was Nena Godfrey, and they had been engaged for about a year. As soon as her father heard of the change in Will's affairs, he wrote to him, giving him to understand that he could no longer regard him as a future son-in-law. On learning, however, that Miss Godfrey's heart was unchanged toward him, Will determined not to give her up, and to make every effort in his power to regain his lost fortune as quickly as possible.

When he was taken sick I had him brought to my house; and, during his delirium, he would keep asking for Nena; then he would imagine that she was with him and would implore her not to leave him. Late yesterday afternoon he became so much worse, and begged so piteously for her to come to him that I sent Miss Godfrey a telegram, and about 11 o'clock in the morning I was informed that she was waiting for me in the office. I went to her at once. She attempted to rise as I entered the room but sank back in her chair as though completely exhausted. I attributed this to perturbation, and hastened to quiet her fears about Will. She insisted upon seeing him without delay.

Will seemed to be conscious of her presence the moment she knelt by his bedside and took his hand. He became more composed, and at last sank into a doze, still holding her hand. This lasted until midnight, and then he opened his eyes and I saw that he would live. He spoke her name in a whisper, and tried to raise her hand to his lips. She made no sound, but gave him a look of love and tenderness that he understood at once, and he closed his eyes again as though her mere presence was all he asked. After he had lost himself, Miss Godfrey looked up at me, and the expression on my face told her the glad truth. The next instant she had fainted. I carried her into the adjoining room and called my wife. She came to my assistance at once, and after we had worked over Miss Godfrey for a few moments, she opened her eyes and said, with a faint smile:

"I am sorry to make you so

much trouble, but I think my arm

is hurt, and that is what made me faint. The train on which I left R— met with an accident, and I guess that I have not escaped uninjured."

On making an examination I found that her left wrist was sprained and the forearm was considerably bruised. Although suffering intense pain, the plucky little woman had managed to keep me in ignorance of her injuries until she knew whether her lover would live or die. I did every thing for her that my skill suggested, and then forced her to take some rest. A couch was arranged for her in the room adjoining Will's, and although she obtained but little sleep—she was up every hour to look at him and ask how he was—her condition this morning was much better than I had expected.

Shortly after daylight some one rang the office bell and when I opened the door I knew instinctively that the man standing before me was John Godfrey. He stepped into the office, told me his name, and asked if his daughter was in the house. I told him that she was and he requested me to send her to him. Whatever his feelings toward me were he did not show them.

I went to Miss Godfrey and informed her that her father was waiting to see her. She trembled for an instant, and then closed her lips over her firm little mouth and went to him without a word. I had placed her arm in a sling and the pain and emotion she had lately undergone had left their marks on her face. I was sure that the sight of her would move her father to pity.

What took place during the interview I did not learn. It lasted for over an hour, and then I was called. I was not unprepared for the scene that met my gaze. Nena was holding her father's hand, and Mr. Godfrey's eyes showed that he had been shedding tears. Nena turned to me with a happy smile. "Father has forgiven us," she said.

CARELESS JACK.

Although Jack Stone was a pretty good boy in the main, he had several grave faults, one of which was carelessness.

This fault of Jack's grieved his father and mother greatly and often caused them great annoyance.

One morning it was raining hard when Jack started to school, and being in a hurry, he forgot to shut the gate after him, as he had always been bidden to do. Now Jack had a beautiful Shetland pony and colt, which his papa had given him. The mother pony was tied in the barn, but Skip the colt, was allowed to run and play about the yard. A few minutes after Jack had gone to school, his mamma who was seated by the window saw Skip slip through the open gate and trot gaily down the sidewalk. Now, it was raining very hard, but Mrs. Stone fearing the colt would run so far that she could not catch her, ran right out in the rain in her bare head, and with thin slippers on her feet. By this time Skip was out in the middle of the road in the mud. "Come Skip, come," said Mrs. Stone, but Skip did not know what come meant, and anyhow had not the slightest notion of coming. She had ever so much more room to run over in the road than inside the fence, and she liked to stand in the puddles and feel the soft mud on her feet. So she only tossed her head saucily in a knowing way and pranced a few feet farther on, coming, however, near enough to the sidewalk for Mrs. Stone to catch her, if she only stood still long enough. She allowed Mrs. Stone to come up to her and pet her, but as for budging one inch toward the gate, she would not.

Mrs. Stone now put her arms around the pony's wet neck and then tried to coax her along. Then she got behind and tried to push her. She even picked up a stick and tried a few gentle blows on her, but it was no use. Mrs. Stone was now in despair. She feared to let the colt run till Jack or his papa would come at noon, lest something should happen to her. The street cars were passing every few minutes just at the corner, and Skip might dash out to the track and be run over and killed. At last some idea struck Mrs. Stone. She went to the barn where Skip's mother was, and

said: "Lady, your child has been behaving very badly. She has run away down the street in the mud and I cannot coax her back again. I want you to come with me and call her, for perhaps she will mind you." So Mrs. Stone and Lady went down the street in the pouring rain after the naughty run-away. By this time the little scamp was a block away and standing in the middle of a vacant lot which had been filled in with clay, so that it would have been impossible to walk to her. As soon as Skip's mother saw her she called to her in pony language, and Skip came bounding to her. After this it was an easy matter to get the colt inside the gate. But by this time Mrs. Stone was very wet and her patience well nigh exhausted, and all because a very careless little boy had forgotten to shut the gate.

The adaptation of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to the cure of all diseases of the throat and chest is certainly marvelous. For cold, cough, croup, whooping-cough and incipient consumption it is incomparably the best preparation made.

The Calamity Somersault.

Before election the calamity howler was lustily shouting for the annihilation of the McKinley tariff as the sole means of averting impending ruin. He is now frantically trying to reassure the frightened country by declaring that there is no cause for alarm over Democratic victory, because, forsooth, the McKinley tariff is not going to be disturbed right away. Its continued existence he now offers as his guarantee of continued prosperity. That is exactly what was to be expected from the demagogue, but what do the deceived voters think about it?

No trouble with rheumatism any more—Judge Gatewood, 54 Avery St., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes thus: "I bought a bottle of Salvation Oil for rheumatism, with which I was afflicted. The first application gave relief and I have not been troubled since."

School Reports.

Report of Gopher Hill school for the month ending Nov. 20th, 1892. Enrollment, males 15, females 22, total 36; total number of days attended by all pupils for the month 400; average number of days per pupil 11; average number of pupils attending each day 21; number of days taught 19, names of those deserving mention for good attendance: Edna and Willie Woods, Bessie Howk.

ANNA GRUBB, Teacher.

Arab Horses.

You have heard what splendid horsemen are the Arabs, and you know that their horses are very fine animals. An Arab is very fond and proud of his steed, and every care is taken of it. It is brought up with his clean and the Arab babies play among the horse's legs without injury. The beautiful thing is so good tempered. Should an Arab rider be thrown from his horse and hurt, this faithful four-footed friend will stay patiently by his side until he is sufficiently recovered to mount again.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, cough, and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from LaGrippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at B. F. Henry's Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

It is stated that by spraying the vines and trees with London purple, not only is the codling moth larvae destroyed, but also the canker worm, span worm, and three species of leaf rollers, a single spraying having its effect on all of them.

A progressive farmer is one who pays more attention to the making of manure than to anything else on the farm. It is not the adding of all kinds of material to the manure heaps that make it valuable, but the preservation of the material so that it will not deteriorate or lose any portion of its plant food.

Small potatoes, which are unsalable, should not be wasted, as they are luxurious to the hens and pigs. It will pay to put them away for feeding to poultry alone.

Damp Clothes.

There is one matter connected with the drying of clothes which should not be forgotten. They should be well aired before being used. It not infrequently happens, especially among thoughtless people, that linens for the bed or underclothes are ironed as while still damp are folded up and laid away. When wanted they are taken from the bureau and immediately put into use with the aqueous-breeding dampness still clinging about them. This ought not to be, and nothing of like nature and effect ought to be tolerated in the well ordered household. Everything should be well aired before being used. There is life and strength in dry, fresh, clear clothing; there is danger and death in the other kind.—Good Housekeeping.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c, 50c, and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by McKeehan Bros. at Pansy Drug Store. 50-ly.

If you have a sound body, a clear conscience and an honest purpose, you have more to be thankful for than the millionaire.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New, Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years, standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle electric bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by B. F. Henry's drug store.

With a good road the wagons will last much longer, and the labor of the teams will be lessened. The cost of transportation from the farm to the railroad is a heavy item on a bad road. When the team can haul a heavy load over a good road, instead of half a load over a bad road, it is not only a saving of labor but also a great gain in time.

"MYSTIC CURE" IN DEMAND.—A. A. Hardee & Son, Druggist, Lebanon, O., writes: "Send us a supply of the 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, as we are entirely out and our customers are clamoring for more. It has proven such a splendid remedy for them. It radically cures in one to three days. Sold by B. F. Henry, druggist, Kirksville."

Crab grass has very large and spreading roots. When it gets a start, it takes possession of every square inch of the soil, and is difficult to remove, yet it is one of the easiest plants to kill when it is young. Keep the cultivator moving where crab grass is liable to appear, as it will not thrive, when young, in a loose dry soil.

"SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY"—A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth, and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold at Pansy Drug Store, McKeehan Bros.

WANTED.—A Representative for our Family Treasury, greatest book ever offered to the public. A Christmas Present for both old and young. Our coupon system, which we enable in selling this great work, enables each purchaser to get the book free, so everyone purchases. 60 per cent paid to agents. For his first week's work one agent's profit is \$168.00. Another—\$136.00. A Lady has just cleared \$120.00 for her first week's work. Write for particulars, and if you can begin at once send \$1. for outfit. We give you exclusive territory, and pay large commissions on the sales of sub-agents. Write at once for the agency for your county. Address all communications to

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Chicago Ill